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THE BEACH OF FALESA.

The Narrative of a South Sea Trader. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Copyright, 1892, by Robert Louis Stevenson CHAPTER L.

A SOUTH SEA BRIDAY. I saw that island first when it was neither gight nor morning. The moon was to the west setting, but still broad and bright. To the east, and right amidships of the dawn. which was all pink, the daystar sparkled like diamond. The land breeze blew in our faces. and smelt strong of wild lime and vanilla: other things besides, but these were the most plain; and the chill of it set me sneezing. I should say I had been for years on a low island near the line, living for the most part solitary among natives. Here was a fresh experience: even the tongue would be quite strange to

nose to his face, pale eyes, and his beard trimmed with selssors. No man knew his country, beyond he was of English speech; and it was clear he came of a good family and was splendidly educated. He was accomplished, too; played the accordion first rate; and give him a piece of string or a cork or a pack of cards, and he could show you tricks equal to any professional. He could speak when he chose fit for a drawing room, and when he chose he could blaspheme worse than a Yankee boatswain, and talk smart to sicken a Kanaka. The way he thought would pay best at the moment, that was Case's way, and it always seemed to come natural, and like as if he was born to it. He had the courage of a lion and the cunning of a rat; and if he's not in hell to-day, there's no such place. I know but one good point to the man-that he was fond of his wife, and kind to her. She was a Samoa woman, and dyed her hair red. Samoa style; and when he came to die (as I have to tell of they found one strange thing-that he had made a will, like a Christian, and the widow got the lot; all his, they said, and all Black Jack's and the most of Billy Randall's in the bargain, for it was Case that kept the



UMA GUIDING ME THROUGH THE EDGE OF THE BUSH.

The Captain blew out the binnacle lamp. There!" said he, "there goes a bit of smoke, Mr. Wiltshire, behind the break of the reef. That's Falesa, where your station is, the last village to the east; nobody lives to windward-1 don't know why. Take my glass, and you can make the houses out."

I took the glass; and the shores leaped nearer, and I saw the tangle of the woods and the surf, and the brown roofs and the black in-

sides of houses peeped among the trees. "Do you catch a bit of while there to the anda you could walk on three abreast; best station in the South Pacific. When old Adams Bay it he took and shook me by the han L seemuch har n in Johnny."

"What did he die of?" I inquired. r n out on the verands, and empsized over the rail. When they found him, the next

tiley Joemie, who was still alive at the time.

since eighteen-forty, forty-five. I never t see much harm in Billy, nor much one, beems as if he might live to be Old Yo. I guess it's ben'the." There's a boat coming now," said I. "She's runt at the news tooks to be a sixteen-foot two white mon in the stern shoets." "The" the sour that drowned Whistling touch" eriod the Captain; "let's see the They've get a gattews had reputation, but you know what a place the beach is for talking. My belief that Whistling Jimmie was | me. the worst of the traditie; and he's gone to

glory, you soo. What I you bot they ain't after

s old Capt. Randall, he's been here any

Manu'a, and does the lady to this day in her own place.

But of all this on that first morning I knew no more than a fly. Case used me like a gen-tieman and like a friend, made me welcome to Falesá, and put his services at my disposal, which was the more helpful from my ignorance of the natives. All the earlier part of the day we sat drinking better acquaintance in the cabin, and I never heard a man talk more to the point. There was no smarter trader. and none dodgier, in the islands. I thought east'ard it the Captain continue!. "That's Falesa seemed to be the right kind of a place; Four house. Comi built, stands light, ver- and the more I drank the lighter my heart. Our last trader had fied the place at half an hour's notice, taking a chance passage in a axy if he took and shook me by the han! labor ship from up west. The Captain, when he came, had found the station closed. 'So you have,' says I. 'and time, too!' Poor the keys left with the native paster, Johnny! I never saw him again but the once, and a letter from the runaway, conand then he had changed his tune-couldn't fessing he was fairly frightened of his get on with the natives, or the waites, or life. Since then the firm had not "It appoins it to a him sudden, beens he get up to the night and filled upon Pain-Killer and Kennedy's Discovery Non-Killer and Kennedy's Discovery Non-Kill and Kennedy's Discovery. No gol-he was then come straight to his house, see old Capt. blocked beyond Kennedy. Then he had tried Randall, the father of the beach, take potluck, to open a case of gin. No go again!-not | and go home to sleep when it got dark. So it strong enough. Then he must have turned to | was high noon, and the schooner was under way before I set my foot on shore at Falesa.

betweet drowned a on afterward when drunk. | came trotting after with their shaven heads and their brown bodies, and raising a thin kind of a cheer in our wake, like crowing

"By the by," says Case. "we must get you a

a Bashan. They were all dressed out for the sake of the ship being in; and the women of You that state, sure enough, and the | Falesh are a handsome lot to see. If they have a fault, they are a triffe broad in the beam , and I was just thinking so when Case touched

I saw one coming on the other side alone.



When these two traders came aboard I was very slender for an island maid, with a long pleased with the looks of them at once or, face, a high forehead, and a shy, strange, face, with the looks of both, and the speech of one. I was sick for wife neighbors after "Who's sic?" said L "Sho'll do." my four years at the line, which I always counted years of prison; getting talsooed and

ting in my house at night with the tell for being where I was. Takes were no the society. Now to see these two when they came abourd was a pleasure. One was a out smart in striped priamas and straw hats, out smart in striped pyramus and straw hats, and case would have passed muster in a city.

"I guess it's all right," said Case. "I guess it's all right," said Case. "I guess you can have her. I'll make it square with

"Toat's Uma." said Case, and he called her going down to the speak House to see and get know what he said; but when he was in the it taken off; buying gin and going midst she looked up at me quick and timid on a break, and then reponting; sit- like a child designs a blow, then down again. and presently smiled. She had a wide mouth. lamp for company, or walking on the beach the lips and the chin cut like any statue's: and wondering what kind of a fool to call mygone. Then she stood with her head bent and other whites upon my island, and when I sailed | hear I Case to an end, spoke back in the pretty to the next, rough sustomers made the most | Polynesian voice, looking him full in the face, heard him again in answer, and then with an obelsance started off. I had just a share of the hage, to be sure; but they were both rigged bow, but never another shot of her eye, and

the old lady. You can have your pick of the lot for a plug of tobacco," he added, sneering. his bare bosom. I suppose it was the smile stuck in my mem-ory, for I spoke back sharp. "She doesn't look

that sort," I cried.
"I don't know that she is," said Case. "I believe she's as right as the mail. Keeps to herself, don't go round with the gang, and that. Oh. no. don't you misunderstand me-Uma's on the square." He spoke cager. I thought, and that surprised and pleased me. "Indeed," he went on, "I shouldn't make so sure of getting her, only she cottoned to the cut of your jib. All you have to do is to keep dark and let me work the mother my own way; and I'll bring the girl round to the Captain's for the marriage."

I didn't care for the word marriage, and I said so.

"Oh, there's nothing to hurt in the marriago." says he. "Black Jack's the chaplain." By this time we had come in view of the house of these three white men: for a negro is counted a white man, and so is a Chinese! A strange idea, but common in the islands. It was a board house, with a strip of rickety veranda. The store was to the front, with a counter, scales, and the finest possible display of trade: a case or two of tinned meats; a barrel of hard bread, a few bolts of cotton stuff. not to be compared with mine; the only thing well represented being the contraband fire-arms and liquor. "If these are my only rivals," thinks I, "I should do well in Falesa," Indeed, there was only the one way they could touch me, and that was with the guns and

In the back room was old Capt. Randall. squatting on the floor native fashion, fat and pale, naked to the waist, gray as a badger, and his eyes set with drink. His body was covered with gray hair and crawled over by flies; one was in the corner of his eye-he never heeded; and the mosquitoes hummed about the man like bees. Any clean-minded man would have had the creature out at once and buried him: and to see him, and think he was 70, and remember he had once commanded a ship, and come ashore in his smart togs, and talked big in bars and consulates. and sat in club verandas, turned me sick and

He tried to get up when I came in, but that was hopeless; so he reached me a hand instead, and stumbled out some salutation. "Papa's pretty full this morning," observed Case. "We've had an epidemic here; and

We've had an epidemic here; and Capt. Randall takes gin for a prophylacticdon't you, papa?"
"Never took such a thing in my life!" cried the Captain, indignantly. "Take gin for my

precautionary measure."
"That's all right, papa," said Casa, "But

The old man asked to whom.

"To Uma." said Case.
"Uma!" cried the Captain. "Wha's he want Uma for? 's he come here for his health, any way? Wha''n want Uma for?"
"Dry up, papa," said Case. "'Taint you that's to marry her. I guess you're not her godfather and godmother. I guess Mr. Wilt-

shire's going to please himself." With that he made an excuse to me that he must move about the marriage, and left me alone with the poor wretch that was his partner and (to speak truth) his gull. Trade and station belonged both to Randall; Case and the negro were parasites; they crawled and fed upon him like the flies, he none the wiser. Indeed. I have no harm to say of Billy Randall beyond the fact that my gorge rose at him. and the time I now passed in his company was

"Hillo !" says I. "are you a Papist?"

He repudiated the idea with contempt. "Hard-shell Baptis'," said he. "But, my dear friend, the Papists got some good ideas, too; and th's one of 'em. You take my advice, and whenever you come across Uma or Faavao or Vigours, or any of that crowd, you take a leaf out o' the priests, and do what I do. Savvy." says he, repeated the sign, and winked his dim eye at me. "No. sir." he broke out again, "no Papists liere!" and for a long time entertained

me with his religious opinions.

I must have been taken with Uma from the first, or I should certainly have fled from that house and got into the clean air and the clean sea, or some convenient river—though, it's true, I was committed to Case; and, besides I could never have held my head up in that Island if I had run from a girl upon my wed-

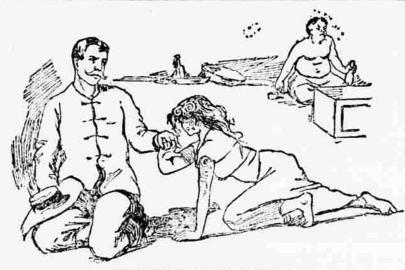
The sun was down, the sky all on fire, and the lamp had been some time lighted, when Case came back with Uma and the negro. She was dressed and scented; her kilt was of fine tapa, looking richer in the folds than any silk; her bust, which was of the color of dark honey. she were bare only for some half a dozen her ears and in her hair she had the scarlet flowers of the hibiscus. She showed the best bearing for a bride conceivable, serious and still, and I thought shame to stand up with her in that mean house and before that grin-ning negro. I thought shame. I say for the mountebank was dressed with a big paper collar, the book he made believe to read from was an odd volume of a novel, and the words of his service not fit to be set down. My conselence smote me when we joined hands, and when she got her certificate I was tempted to throw up the bargain and confess. What a document it was! It was Case that wrote it,

signatures and all, in a leaf out of the lodger. A nice paper to put in a girl's hand and see her hide away like gold. A man might easile feel cheap for less. But it was the practice in these parts, and (as I told myself) not the least the fault of us white men, but of the missionaries. If they had let the natives be, I had never needed this deception, but taken all the wives I wished, and left them when I pleased with a clear conscience.

The more ashamed I was, the more hurry I was in to be gone; and our desires thus jumping together. I made the less remark of a change in the traders. Case had been all eagerness to keep me; now, as though he had attained a purpose, he seemed all engerness to have me go. Uma, he said, could show me health's sake, Mr. Wha's-ever-your-name—'s a to my house, and the three bade us farewell

indoors.

The night was nearly come; the village you'll have to brace up. There's going to be a smelt of trees and flowers and the sea and the marriage—Mr. Wiltshire here is going to get breadfruit cooking; there came a fine roll of sea from the reof, and from a distance, among the woods and houses, many pretty sounds of men and children. It did me good to breathe free air; it did me good to be done with the Captain and see, instead, the creature at my side. I felt for all the world as though she were some girl at home in the old country. and, forgetting myself for the minute, took her hand to walk with. Her fingers nestled into mine. I heard her breathe deep and quick, and all at once she caught my hand to her face and pressed it there. "You good !" she cried, and ran ahead of me, and stopped and looked back and smiled, and ran ahead of me again, thus guiding me through the edge of the bush, and by a quiet way to my own house.



ding night.

The truth is, Case had done the courting for me in style-told her I was mad to have her. and cared nothing for the consequence; and the poor soul. Knowing that which I was still ignorant of, believed it, every word, and had

my surprise he made the sign of the cross on GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. The Escape of a Gov-ram-nt Scout After a Day of Torture.

Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis, In the fall of 1866, while the Indian tribes of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado were professing peace, yet making ready for the bloody spring campaign which cost so many lives. Black Bird, a son of Roman Nose, the famous Cheyenne chief, paid a visit to Fort Larned. He was a young man about 20 years of ago, tall, active, and brave as a lion. Although he made the excuse of trade, and although he did-purchase a few supplies, it was believed by everybody at the post that he came as a spy. There had been a war council of all the tribes, and it had been agreed to open a war in the spring which should not cease until the white man was driven east of the forks of the

Kansas River.
One of the hunters and scouts attached to the fort at that time was a man named Joe Hall, who had served as a scout under Gen. Sheridan. He was 35 years old, strong and rugged, and it was said of him that he didn't know what fear was. He firmly believed that young Black Bird came to ascertain and report on the strength of the fort, and he picked a quarrel with him to obtain satisfaction. Black Bird, although alone and realizing that he had no friends there, did not show the white feather. It was a fight with knives, beginning so suddenly that the officers could not interfere. The Indian was wounded and disarmed, and in order to humble him still more Hall sput upon him and retained his knife as a trophy. It was an act criticised and lamented by the officers, and a disgrace they knew would have to be washed out in blood. and Hall himself realized that from that hour every man of the Cheyenne tribe would thirst for his life. Two weeks later old Roman Nose sent in the following message:

"Give up the man who insulted my son and I will be satisfied. If you do not it shall be war between us and the whites as long as I have a warrior able to raise a tomahawk !" The demand was of course refused, and to give Hall a better show to protect himself he was transferred to Fort Lyon, Col. The Indians soon learned of the change, and Black Bird received the command of ten warriors and ordered not to return to his father until he brought Hall's scale. During the greater part of the winter this band hung about Fort Lyon for an opportunity to kill the scout. He knew of their presence, but made no change in his programme. He had a mule almost as fleet of foot as an antelope, and always carried

Winchester and two revolvers. Spring came, and with it the opening of savage warfare. The Indians took the field determined to sweep everything before them. In June Joe Hall was sent from Fort Lyon to Fort Wallace with despatches. The intervening country was literally swarming with hostiles, but he was within three miles of Wallace before he found his position perilous. Roman Nose and his band, numbering about 350 bucks, made a sudden dash on the overland stage station a mile from the fort, and gobbled up about flity horses and mules. They expected to get the scalps of five or six employees as well, but the men ran to their dugouts and poured in such a hot fire as to drive the Indians off. Roman Nose then ordered an attack on the fort, which was only a collection of tents and shanties, and slimly garrisoned. He was beaten off after a sharp fight, and while retreating his force came upon

Hall trying to make the fort.

The scout was cut off, and he turned to make run for it. His mule would have distanced any pony in the band, but the race had scarcely begun when a bullet from the rifle of a purbrovoke the chief to fill hum off-hand. He called him a squaw, a coward, and a bruggart. He taunted him with having a coward for a son, and he offered to light ten of his men if they would turn him bose. Some of the warriors were her killing him on the spot, but the old chief waive them back and shad:

"We will put him to the torture! He shall die ten times over! Seven suns shall come and go before death comes to him!"

The Covenness had their headquarter village on the smooth Hill hork, about thirty miles away, and thither the whole hand proceeded. It was after dark when they reached the town, and Hall was tied band and foot and placed in a tepse anet four guards stationed around it. A small raiding party had that day captured a man belonging to the Seventh Cavairy wagon train. The Chayennes had determined int to spare man, woman, or child who foll into their hands, but after a powwaw lasting an hour the teamster was brought out an it toman Nove said to him."

"We wave all the teamster was brought out an it toman Nove said to him."

"We have captured by nine majority, and the dadge returned to the shouly to say! "Filer. It gives me unalloyed pleasure to inform you that you are to be hung this afternoon."

"Thanks" replied in and the case stated, and a vote was taken as to whether we should know a captured by nine majority, and the badge returned to the shouly to say!

"Then the repeated to the should have been and to the should be show. Git 'em around on the life of the properties of the chief was standing on the head of a pork barrel under a tree with a rook of the should have a prevent of the should have a proved to the slow. Git 'em around on the life of the properties of the chief was standing in the life of the properties. The file of the chief was the should have been and the dead of a pork barrel under a tree with a pork barrel under a tree with a rook of the should be a pork barrel under a tree with a rook of the should have a proved to the should have a proved to the should have a proved to the should

ASSUCITON.

ARY or more captured horses and mules. The horders, anxilous to wingses the tortice, her horders, anxilous to wingses the tortice, her horders, anxilous animal took advantage of their was a verious animal took advantage of their horders, and the was a verious animal took advantage of their horders are the took of the horders and the horders and the section of the took and the horders are the horders and the section of the horders and the horders are the horders and the horders and the horders are the horders are the horders and horders are the horders are was a spent ball and didn't draw blood, but it gave him such a shock that he tumbled out of his saddle and was a prisoner when he recovered consciousness. There were thirty different warriors who knew flail by sight, and when it became known who the prisoner was the rejoieng was something terrific. He was there joieng was something terrific. He was the rejoieng was something terrific. He was there oughly up in the Cheyenne diabet, and of course caught everything said. When Roman Nose was told that Hall was the prisoner so fortunately picked up, he rode up and said.

"I have lost nine warriors to-siag, but i shall no longer grieve. I am more pleased than if I had captured the fort."

I know that it do fur us."

The elder growled about the delay, but finally agreed upon the day, and two men were deatied to guard him in his signaty. He kept his pattence fairly well until Thursday morning, when he sent for the Judge and said:

"Look here, Judge I don't want to be low lived, but I ain't goin to stand this any longer. I want to be imaged this afternoon."

"Look here, Judge I don't want to be low lived, but I ain't goin to stand this any longer. I want to be imaged this afternoon."

"Why, bless yeu, we agreed on Saturday?"

I know that it do formed to be hung. I want to reter he warriors were lee killing him on the spot, but the old chief waive the mose and some the first hand to be hung. I want to reter he warriors were lee killing him on the spot, but the old chief waive the mose and some the first hand to be hung. I want to reter he warriors were lee killing him on the spot, but the old chief waive the mose and the leader. If you kin git remove the delay, but it is a ball drive a bog outer the garden. If you kin git remove the delay, but it is a but it don't us. I had a but it is a but of the delay,

something; and the next time we came round | been represented, and of course there was no there he was slend and buried. I took and put cargo. The wind, besides, was fair. The Cap-up a old of a stick to him: 'John Adams, obit tain hoped he could make his next island by eight en and sixty-eight. Go from and do dawn, with a good tide, and the business of landing my trade was gone about lively. There was no call for me to fool with it, Case said; nobody would touch my things, every one was

I had a glass or two on board; I was just of day, he was clean c azy-carried on all the along cruise, and the ground heaved under time about somebody watering his copra. | me like a ship's deck. The world was like all new painted; my foot went along to music Was it thought to be the island?" I asked. | Falesa might have been Fiddler's Green, if "Well it was thought to be the island, or the trouble, or something," he replied. "I there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if there is such a place, and more's the pity if place. Our last man, Vignors, never turned a | men with their green wreaths and the women hair. He left because of the beach-said he in their bright dresses, red and blue. On we was afraid of Black Jack and Case and Whis- went, in the strong sun and the cool shadow. liking both; and all the calldren in the town

"That's so." said I: "I had forgotten." There was a crowd of girls about us, and I pulled myself up and looked among them like

That's pretty." says ho.

OUR SUB-TROPICAL GLACIER. A Pretty Good Imitation of the For. ign

From the Puthargh Dispatch. Los Angules, June 14.—Among many of the older residents of San Bernardino county the existence of a great fee gorge of the upper levels of Graylass Mountain, the monarch of the San Bernardino range, has been known

Services and the services of the services and the service